

Good Morning

31

OPEN WIDE

By
RONALD
RICHARDS

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Which one
aches?



Delayed by Censor *

FRUITLESS REVOLT SWEEPS ENGLAND

(By our Special Correspondent with the Army.)

THIS is probably the last despatch I shall be able to send about our recent and present troubles. I have been more or less on the run since the Battle of Hastings and am going shortly to Scandinavia. Now is perhaps a suitable time to tell the story of the years of revolt.

We can go back to March, 1067, when King William thought conditions sufficiently peaceful for him to go back to Normandy for a time. Hardly had he left the country than disorder grew and spread. There was rebellion in Kent against the tyranny of Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, the King's half-brother, and revolt in the South-West, repressed largely by the use of English mercenaries. William returned in December of the same year.

The next trouble blew up in the North. Edgar, heir to the House of Wessex, had fled to Scotland, where the King offered to help him gain the throne. The Norman garrisons of Durham and York were massacred, whereupon the King marched North and occupied York. The following year Edgar reappeared again, and once more the King quelled the revolt.

Before long the Danes joined in and a third outbreak took place. Danish ships lay in the Humber. The Norman garrison of York, 3,000 in number, was wiped out. There was again revolt in the West and along the Welsh border.

So William, swearing "By the splendour of God" to settle this account once and for all, marched North for the third time. Buying off the Danes, he recaptured York and laid waste all the land as far as the Tyne. Not a home did he leave standing and not a tool or implement unbroken. Leading the army back to York, he marched them through snow and storm across the Pennines to Chester. On the way, his mercenaries attempted mutiny, but the King, largely by personal example

and sacrifice, in spite of blocked roads, scanty provisions and desertions, subjugated the Welsh Marches.

The conquest was now practically complete. There remained only the struggle in the Fens. There, at Ely, on rising ground, surrounded by great marshes and fens and the water, the patriots gathered—Earls, the Bishop of Durham, outcasts, outlaws, with Hereward the Wake as leader. There, in this Island of Ely, the last hope of England stood defiant.

The King moved large forces against the rebels. His ships guarded the Wash to prevent escape by sea. The waterways were blockaded everywhere, the island surrounded, and a regular siege begun. The weeks dragged on, until, across two miles of marsh, towards the island, King William drove a causeway. The end was inevitable—surrender.

And so by 1074 the England as we knew it of old lay prostrate at the conqueror's feet. We can now see faintly, perhaps, the shape of things to come.

All strategic points are being garrisoned and castles are rising everywhere. A complete system of permanent fortifications seems to be planned. English lands all over the country are being parcelled out as rewards to William's victorious soldiers. Norman ecclesiastics everywhere are replacing the English clergy. And now a stocktaking or survey of the whole land is under way. It will be a record of the homes, the land, the cattle, and the whole wealth of the country.

The King himself, say those who are near to him, has no desire to oppress the English people, but the years of revolt have convinced him that the firmest measures are necessary. Gone are the days when he hoped to hold the land by mild rule. The fate of the nation is linked with that of the alien conquerors from across the Channel, and only the future will show whether, out of the storm and stress of the last few years, will arise a unity of purpose and eventually peace.

ODO DREW.

Dated the end of 1074.



THEY SAY— Do you agree?

WORLD-LANGUAGE.

THE ideal of making the world speak one language can be achieved only by progressive stages. I suggest, therefore, that the West should first become bi-lingual with English and Spanish, while the East could develop in the same way, Chinese and English being the two obvious tongues for general adoption there, as they are the most widespread already.

Maurice Caerburn
(Putney, S.W.).

CAUSE OF WARS.

THE motives of ancient as of modern wars were mixed, partly economic, partly political, at times also religious. But the root cause was, and is, always the same—the desire of one human group to impose its will on another human group.

G. M. Trevelyan, O.M.
(Master of Trinity).

EAST IS EAST.

IN some parts of the Middle East, to exhibit pictures of German atrocities would not evoke horror, but respect for strength and fear of that strength. In the Middle West the reverse is the case. In the Middle East an appeal based on liberty and democracy is sure of a welcome, but in the Middle East such an appeal would only arouse polite attention.

Sir Walter Monckton.

"DURING the past ten years some very queer animal patients have come my way," said Mr. Kemp, "though none quite so exciting as that experienced by the famous Uncle Bartlett at Regent's Park in the late seventies." The Zoological Society's oldest Hippo was then suffering as a result of dental caries, and the practical Bartlett at once suggested removal of the offending tusk. He had a pair of forceps two feet in length, and to begin with he reinforced the iron railings of the Hippo enclosure with massive oak beams. The unsuspecting patient was inveigled to the bars by tempting appeals to his interior, and the operator made an attempt to apply the forceps. Three times the massive beast charged him before the instrument was successfully applied, and then only to be immediately wrenched from his grasp. The furious beast charged again, but this time the surgeon secured a master grip, and, with two keepers desperately grasping him below the middle line, they hung on till their objective left its moorings.

I WENT to the dentist recently, and the surgeon I visited was Mr. Sydney Kemp, the dentist of the London Zoo. Between drilling and mouth swilling, I asked him about animal dentistry.

This is the story he told me: Once an animal begins to suffer dentally, Nature signs its warrant, as she has no use for the inefficient.

the cage—always the wisest method—and discussed the plan of campaign.

"A general anaesthetic was now imperative if the life of this valuable animal was to be saved. Fortunately, within the cage was a long box fitted with a sliding door, usually occupied by the animal at night, though since her illness she had not been seen to use it."

She showed signs of serious sickness, refusing everything except water, and becoming generally debilitated.

How to diagnose?

Anthropoids are peculiarly susceptible to certain troubles in this climate, and T.B. was suspected, until one day Bo-Bo's behaviour suggested dental trouble. To satisfactorily determine this diagnosis was a problem bristling with difficulties. How could a clinical examination be effected? The obvious reply was "chloroform," but Dr. Vevers (Superintendent of the Zoo) and Colonel Hamerton (the Society's Pathologist) were anxious to avoid the risks attendant on a general subject anaesthetic unless it was absolutely essential.

Here are Mr. Kemp's own words as the drama unfolded:

"Here, again, force would have spelled disaster, but after we had examined the box Bo-Bo's innate curiosity caused her to enter. The opportunity was quickly seized, the sliding door made secure, all apertures packed with cotton wool, a hole made with brace and bit for the reception of a tube, and the anaesthetic commenced.

Anxious moments

"We started with twenty ounces of chloroform and ether in a wide-mouth bottle fitted with a rubber cork, from which one tube was passed into the box and another to a pair of foot bellows. The bottle was standing in a bowl of hot water to assist vaporisation, and we pumped away for fifteen minutes, during which time we could hear the ape's efforts to get free.

"A little longer, and we cautiously opened the door about one inch, only to find Bo-Bo still sitting up and taking notice. Pumping was resumed. When the bottle was almost empty we ventured a further glimpse, opening the door a little wider. Until I touched her she appeared 'nicely gone,' but my action roused her. The door was hastily closed again.

"Forty minutes had elapsed since the commencement of operations, and the two pints of anaesthetic had almost vanished when we again opened the

door, and decided that we might lift her out and apply a mask.

"When I flashed on an electric torch we observed reflexes that we thought better abolished before proceeding, so yet again the administration was continued until the bottle was empty.

"Eventually we lifted her on to the top of the box, where, with an improvised mask—an inverted funnel containing saturated cotton wool—we obtained perfect anaesthesia.

"The deplorable condition of the mouth was revealed, and I detached a very advanced pyorrhoea and stomatitis, and I immediately extracted six teeth. Considerable swabbing to remove blood and pus was necessitated, and reapplication of the funnel prior to the removal of three other teeth.

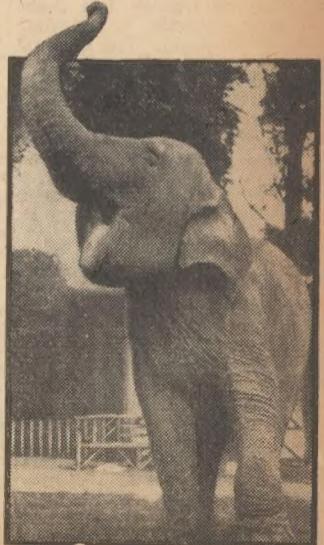
"The remaining teeth were more or less affected, but we therefore decided to leave it at that and hope for the best. Our hopes were justified, and Bo-Bo has a perfectly healthy mouth to-day, but for several weeks after the operation we were in grave doubt. She was very weak. The nails of her fingers and toes were shed, and hair fell from her head; a skin eruption was a source of much trouble.

Like a human

"Hope was fast fading, when one day she was tempted to try the choice fruit that had been persistently refused, and the road to recovery was commenced. The post-operative treatment is worthy of mention, as Bo-Bo co-operated most wonderfully—in fact, I believe she made up her mind to get better. She would drink all the water we gave her. A spittoon and wool swabs were part of her equipment in the cage, and they were used with the intelligence of a human.

"I must tell you that in the early life Bo-Bo was the prey of bad accomplishments; she consumed a bottle of port a day, and smoked thirty to forty cigarettes.

"She is well to-day, and has quite sufficient teeth to negotiate the normal diet of a chimpanzee."



Periscope Page

QUIZ
For today

1. Who wrote "Inside Europe"?
2. Coronation year was . . . ?
3. Who was the first Labour Premier of Great Britain?
4. Who is Alexander Korda's wife?
5. What Victorian Prime Minister was also a famous novelist?
6. Who were the "Ladies from Hell" of the last Great War?
7. What is waterglass used for?
8. What country exported the most wheat before the last war?
9. What does S.P.C.A. mean?
10. What river flows from Mandalay to Rangoon?
11. Where did Samson's great strength lie?
12. How much alloy is there in 18 carat gold?

Answer to Quiz in
No 30

1. Neither; it is at the south end.
2. "Tristram Shandy."
3. Suez Canal is 100 miles long; Panama Canal is 50 miles.
4. A "charm" of starlings.
5. Chow dog, and Polar bear.
6. A book-lover.
7. Vasco da Gama.
8. Spider. All the others are insects.
9. A narrow, power-driven barge, with living-cabin.
10. Lord Kelvin.
11. From the Canterbury Pilgrims, who rode to Canterbury at a leisurely gallop.
12. Astrologers ascribed it to the influence of the planets.

Answers to Cryptograms in No. 30

Cryptogram: Things were first made then words.
Cryptogram: If there were no bad people, there would be no good lawyers.—Chas. Dickens.

Little Weather Mysteries—No. 5

The Riddle
of Hail

SCIENCE still knows very little about ordinary hailstones, though one thing seems certain—they are not frozen raindrops.

A few years before the war, nineteen natives and seven oxen were killed in the Transvaal by hailstones as large as coconuts. It was a midsummer shower, and it covered the ground to a depth of three feet.

A hailstone 17 inches in circumference, and weighing 1½ lb., fell in a similar shower in Nebraska in 1928, while the record weight exceeds 2 lb.

True, these storms were not far from the tropics, but there are many records of similar storms in England. The earliest occurred in 130 A.D., when the hailstones measured 12 inches in circumference.

Hailstones too heavy for a man to lift were described on oath (!) to Matthew of Westminster in 1260, and measurements were given as ranging from three to fifteen fingers in breadth.

English storms have been responsible for many deaths, and the "hail which killed strong animals" which fell in 1364 is but one case of many. £30,000's worth of damage was done in the West of London in 1879 by hailstones weighing about a third of a pound.

The shapes of hailstones vary considerably, and are often jagged or square. One report describes them as "of the bigness of goose eggs and pointed on all sides," while another old chronicle says that "there fylls

Follow the Brains Trust

Conducted by HOWARD THOMAS

"PEOPLE vary in what they mean by the word England. I read John Betjeman's opinion in a recent 'Listener,' John Gunther through his book, 'Inside Europe,' what an American film industry imagines it to be in 'This Above All,' and the longing of Rupert Brook in his poem, 'Grantchester.' What does the Brains Trust conjure up when it thinks of England?"

Professor J. B. S. Haldane: "To me, England is the landscape. There is no country in

the world which has such enormous variety of different rocks in as small space as England, such a variety of soils, and therefore such a variety of landscapes and materials used for building. For example, as you cross the limestone belt, almost all the buildings, even those built about eighteen-sixty, are beautiful. England for me is what I see, and it embodies history—both geological history and human history."

Lieut.-Commander Gould: "When I come to think of Eng-



Let's have the best title your crew can devise for this picture.

GIVE IT A NAME

Answers to Word Square in No. 30

Word Square: 1. Vine. 2. Iced. 3. Need. 4. Eddy.

Cryptogram: Things were first made then words.

Cryptogram: If there were no bad people, there would be no good lawyers.—Chas. Dickens.

Little Weather Mysteries—No. 5



Sectional cut of hailstone.

hail-stones ffloure Squayre, as grete as eny eyren" (eggs).

The first duty of science is to observe, and hailstones have been cut into sections and examined under the microscope. They appear to have been formed by layers of ice added at intervals. The layers are built up of crystals radiating outwards like spokes, and contain numerous minute bubbles of air.

No one has explained how the larger stones can remain in the air while they grow, but powerful upward currents could support stones the size of peas. Electrical attraction may have a lot to do with it, for hail generally falls in the season of thunderstorms.

Latest theory suggests that snowflakes form first, at a height of about four miles, and that these fall into a rain cloud at a warmer level. Here, the raindrops mix with the flakes and freeze into ice-stones. As these drop through the wet cloud, moisture condenses rapidly on them from all sides, and they grow.

But science admits that it all sounds a bit thin for stones the size of grape-fruit!

NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Adapted from Jules Verne's famous Novel

THE next day I resolved to spend some hours in studying the fish of the archipelago. I could not take my eyes off these wonders of the sea, when they were suddenly struck with an unexpected apparition. In the midst of the waters a man appeared, a diver, wearing in his belt a leather purse. It was a living man, swimming vigorously, occasionally disappearing to take breath on the surface, then plunging again immediately. I turned to Captain Nemo, and exclaimed in an agitated voice—

"A man! a shipwrecked man! He must be saved at any price!"

The captain did not answer, but came and leaned against the window.

The man had approached, and with his face flattened against the glass, he was looking at us.

To my profound stupefaction, Captain Nemo made a sign to him.

The diver answered him with his hand, immediately went up again to the surface of the sea, and did not appear again.

"Don't be uneasy," said the captain to me. "It is Nicholas of Cape Matapan, surnamed the Pescce. He is well known in all the Cyclades. A bold diver! Water is his element, and he lives in it more than on land, going constantly from one island to another, and even as far as Crete."

a brass plate with the initials of the *Nautilus*, and its motto, "Mobilis in Mobile," upon it.

At that moment the captain, without taking further notice of my presence, opened the piece of furniture, which contained a great number of ingots.

They were ingots of gold. From whence came this precious metal that represented an enormous sum? Where did the captain get

then contained more than 2,000 lbs. weight of gold—that is to say, nearly £200,000.

The safe was securely fastened, and the captain wrote an address on the lid in what must have been modern Greek characters.

This done, Captain Nemo pressed a knob, the wire of which communicated with the quarters of the crew. Four men appeared, and, not without some trouble, pushed the safe out of the saloon. Then I heard them pulling it up the iron staircase with pulleys.

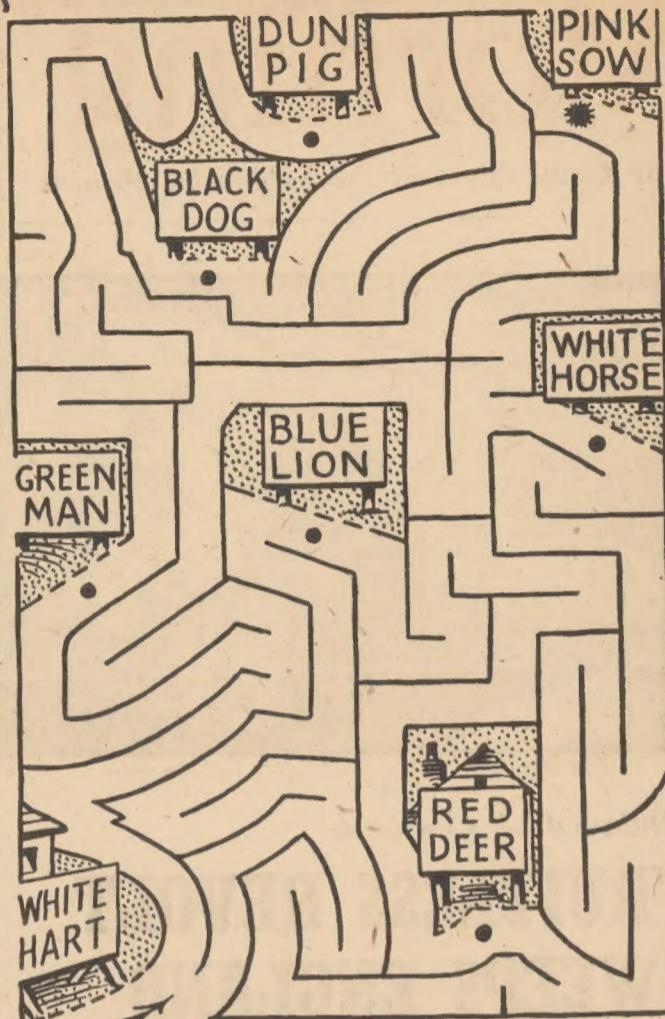
I went back to my room very curious, as may be believed. I tried in vain to sleep. I tried to find what connection there could be between the diver and the safe filled with gold. I soon felt by its pitching and tossing that the *Nautilus* was back on the surface of the water.

Then I heard a noise of steps on the platform. I understood that they were unloosening the boat and launching it on the sea. It struck for an instant against the sides of the *Nautilus*, and then the noise ceased. *Continued on Page 3.*

JANE



PUB CRAWL



Come for a pub crawl! We start at the bottom left-hand corner, at the "White Hart," and finish at the "Pink Sow," at the top right-hand corner, calling at all the other six pubs on the way. There is only one way we can go without passing over the same roads twice. Which is it?

Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Continued from Page 2.

Thus, then, the gold had been sent to its address. To what point of the continent? Who was Captain Nemo's correspondent?

The next day I related to Conseil and the Canadian the events of the preceding night, which had excited my curiosity to the highest pitch.

"But where does he find all that gold?" asked Ned Land.

To that there was no answer possible. I went to the saloon after breakfast and began to work. Until 5 p.m. I wrote out my notes. At that moment I felt extremely hot, and I was obliged to take off my garment of byssus—an incomprehensible fact, for we were not in high latitudes, and besides, when the *Nautilus* was submerged, it ought to experience no elevation in temperature. I looked at the manometer. It indicated a depth of sixty feet, to which atmospheric heat cannot reach.

"Can the vessel be on fire?" I asked myself.

I was going to leave the saloon when Captain Nemo entered. He approached the thermometer, corrected it, and said—

"Forty-two degrees" (centigrade).

"I feel it, captain," I answered, "and if the heat augments we cannot bear it."

"The heat will not augment unless we choose."

"Then you can moderate it as you please?"

"No, but I can get away from the focus that produces it."

"Then it is exterior?"

"Certainly. We are floating in boiling water."

The panels opened, and I saw the sea entirely white round the *Nautilus*. A sulphurous smoke was curling amongst the waves that boiled like water in a copper. I placed my hand on one of the panes of glass, but the heat was so great that I was obliged to withdraw it.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"Near the Island of Santorin, professor," replied the captain, "and precisely in the channel that separates Nea-Kamenni from Palea-Kamenni. I wished to show you the curious spectacle of a submarine eruption."

"I thought," said I, "that the

formation of these new islands was ended."

"Nothing is ever ended in volcanic places," replied Captain Nemo. "The globe is always being worked there by subterranean fires."

"But one day this channel will be filled up?"

"Very likely, M. Aronnax, for since 1866 eight little islands of lava have risen opposite Port Saint Nicholas, in the Island of Palea-Kamenni. It is evident, therefore, that Nea and Palea will be joined soon. If, in the Pacific, it is the infusoria that form continents, here it is eruptive phenomena."

See, sir, see the work that is going on under these waves."

I returned to the window. The *Nautilus* was no longer moving. The heat was growing intolerable. From white the sea was getting red, a colouration due to the presence of salts of iron. Notwithstanding the saloon's being hermetically closed, an unbearable sulphurous smell pervaded it, and I perceived scarlet flames the brilliancy of which killed the electric light.

An order was given. The *Nautilus* tacked about, and left the furnace it could not with impunity set at defiance. A quarter of an hour later we were breathing on the surface of the waves.

The thought then occurred to me that if Ned Land had chosen that part of the sea for our flight we should not have come out of it alive.

The next day, the 16th of February, we left this basin, which, between Rhodes and Alexandria, is more than 1,500 fathoms deep, and the *Nautilus*, passing within sight of Cerigo, left the Grecian Archipelago after doubling Cape Matapan. (Continued to-morrow)

Answer to Rejected Gun Puzzle

The experts were right. The gun ought to have fired sixty shots in fifty-nine minutes if it really fired a shot a minute. The time counts from the first shot, so that the second would be fired at the close of the first minute, the third at the close of the second minute, and so on. In the same way, if you put up sixty posts in a straight line, a yard apart, they will extend a length of fifty-nine yards, not sixty.

BLACK LIGHT FOR ALL

THESE scientists are wonderful. They are building a great new world in which we shall live after the war—maybe a long time after the war. But the wonders are coming.

One of the latest is called black light. It is not black at all, nor, indeed, is it light; but what is science without a name? Practical applications have already been made in laboratories, and it must be confessed that black light is not really new either. But its application is.

Certain physicians have been using it for some time, treating sore muscles. Magicians in theatres use it to work their tricks. But recently science has taken the matter in hand, and it has now been demonstrated that we can heat all our houses with black light, the only equipment necessary being the special bulbs to fit the ordinary electrical circuits.

Properly speaking, black light is infra-red radiation. And heat rays are invisible. The heat rays of the sun, as you probably know, are very complex. The sun's radiation can be divided into many sections by the lengths of rays which make up the complete radiation. The sun's light can be divided into ultra-violet rays and infra-red rays, the former at the violet end of the rainbow and the latter at the red end.

But beyond the "light" rays are others—X-rays, radium rays, cosmic rays. In the opposite direction are radio waves. Mind you, a lot of these rays are still a mystery, but the rays which are grouped under the name of infra-red, or black light, are regarded as heat rays.

Now, the problem that science is mastering is how to use infra-red rays for heating homes and to make it work economically. The black light can be diffused through lenses and mirrors so that it reaches every portion of the area to be covered.

Special controls are necessary, for it is possible for two people sitting in the same room to dial different degrees of heat. Black light passes through glass, yet remains cold; but when it strikes a human being, or a bit of furniture, it is transformed into heat. In this connection, think of the sun's light. It comes through the air in the form of light, but when it strikes the earth, and you or me, it becomes heat.

Well, cutting out detail, it may be said that you will be able in the future—if science has its way and commerce gives a hand—to turn on the heat on any special thing you want heated—your bed, for instance, in winter. Indeed, architects are beginning to realize that if they use this, and other discoveries of science, we may have a perfect dream of any place we want to live in.

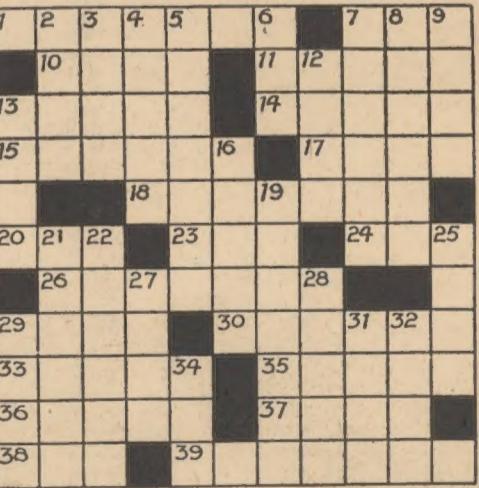
City streets, while open to the sky, will be kept clean, and even free from rain or snow or sleet. The heat turned on will melt the sleet and the snow before it falls. Of course, the meltings will fall as rain, but all you will ever need is a raincoat at the worst. Never an overcoat. Tailors will doubtless have a say in this.

So much are architects interested that one in America is credited with being on the point of building for himself an enormous glass inverted bowl as his future house. It is planned to cover his garden. With black light he will be able to have constant summer inside the bowl—which will be something like a gigantic bubble.

For those parts of this house where he wants privacy, he proposes to put in sliding sheets of glass through which it is possible to see from the inside, but not for outsiders to see inwards. That glass can be made to-day.

STUART MARTIN

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES DOWN.

2 Herring measure. 3 Restrain. 4 Senior. 5 The fox. 6 Undermine. 7 Inside layer. 8 Decorated. 9 Rind. 12 Lose colour. 13 Round protuberance. 16 Coronet. 19 Forget-me-not. 21 Fit for food. 22 Rescind. 25 Fall to get. 27 Have on. 28 Central point. 29 Speed of progression. 31 Sudden advance. 32 Besides. 34 Gull.

CLUES ACROSS.

11 Grants. 7 Hang limply. 10 Regulation. 11 Burning. 13 Robust. 14 Long-napped cloth. 15 Relaxed. 17 Clock face. 18 Clothing. 20 Through. 23 Beam. 24 Jewel. 26 Bead of condensed vapour. 29 Wind instrument. 30 Actor's whispers. 33 Abreast. 35 Ellipses. 36 Irish county. 37 Throw lightly. 38 Fish. 39 If. Solution to Problem in No. 30.

COFFEE CASH
AWL NAPHTHA
BEARER ROAM
INNER POMP
NIGGS MEM
ENEMY PARSE
TO B DATE A
DOUR LILTS
BURR RACIAL
ELASTIC CUE
DELE BEASTS

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

UP— PERISCOPE !



There must be something going on here. Ever see so many periscopes bobbing around before? Gosh, it's a whale. No, it's a depth-charge. Damme, sir, it's a sea-nymph. Floating? Well, hardly. Just taking a backward dive. Gone "flat out" too.



So What!

This England



Mountains fading in the distance, in a light that suggests a morning heat, but tranquil waters and shady trees promise coolness when the sun comes up. Broom Point, Derwentwater. Surely that island is beckoning, the dark reflected shadows of its trees only adding to its air of mystic peace.



20th Century Fox star, Virginia Gilmore, looks very much absorbed in this picture. Can it possibly be that a submariner is trying to pull a fast one? Surely not.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Her Keel looks like an invasion barge."

